Nov. 1996

INFILTRATION

3.00

the zine about going places you're not supposed to go

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at Chumcity

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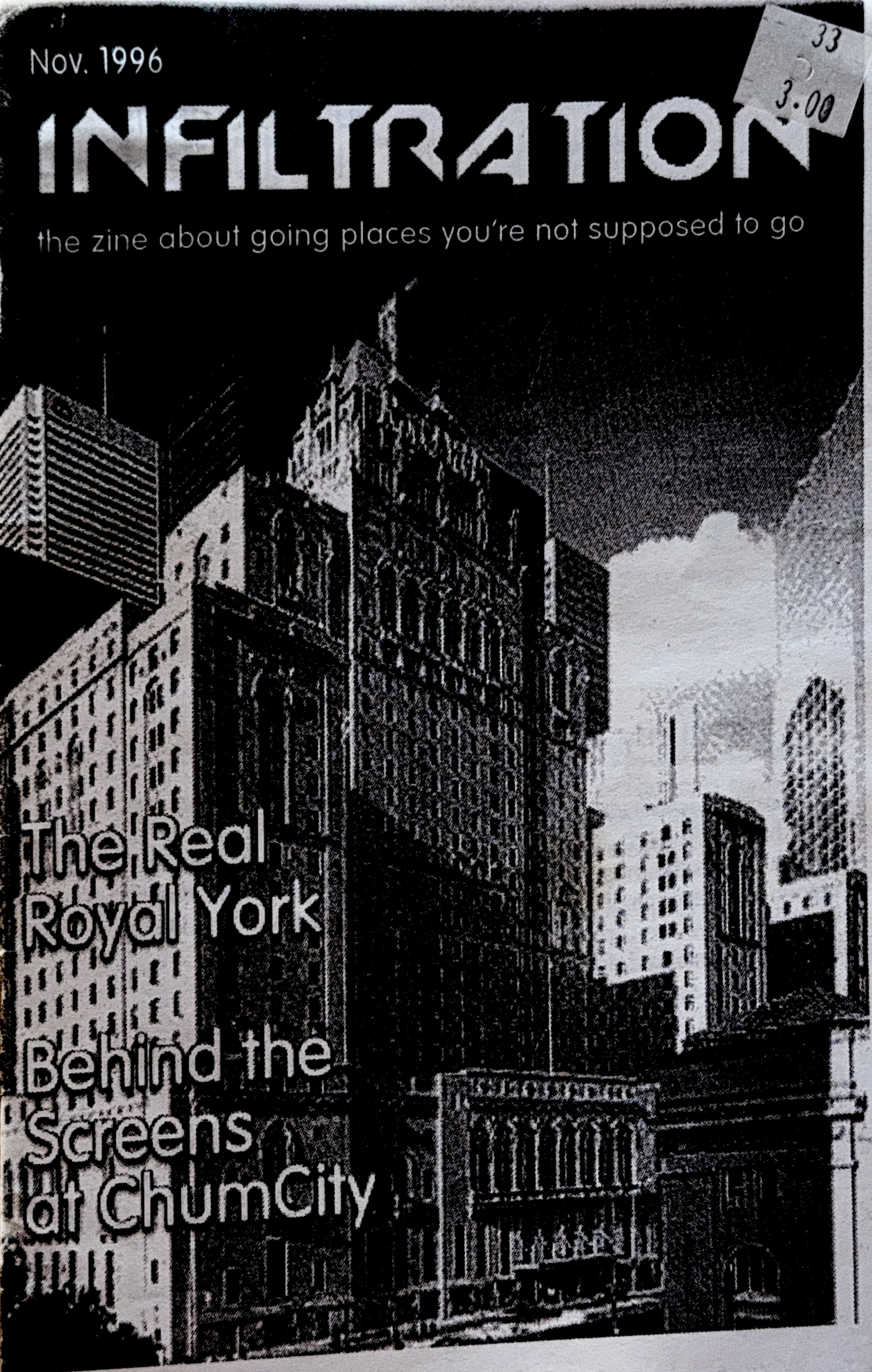
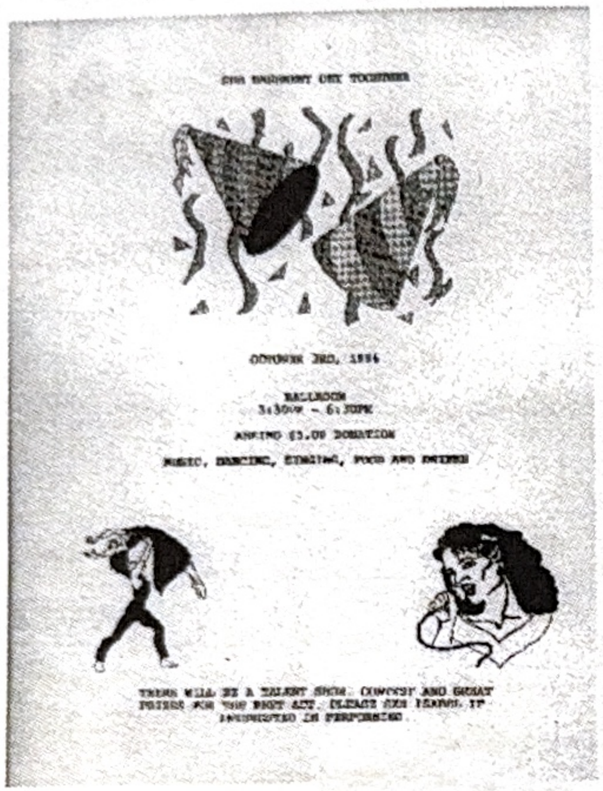


The Real Royal York

Behind the Screens at ChumCity

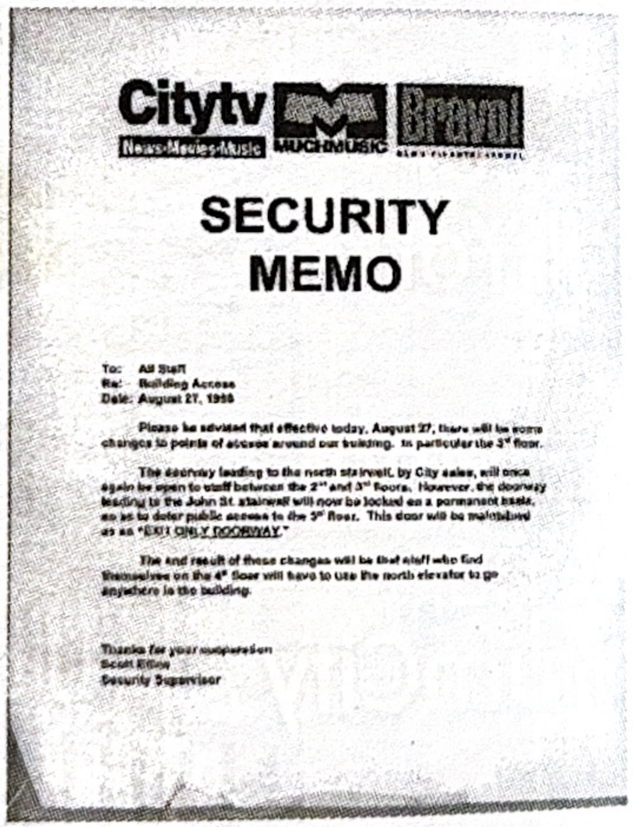


Subbasements: How Low Can You Go?

How far underground can you get in your city? Three stories? Four stories? Send in tales of your adventures in subbasements, together with any illustrations or other proof. The ultimate sub-urbanite wins a year's complimentary subscription to Infiltration.

Insecurity

The world loves to think it's safe, but it's usually wrong. What's the most astounding instance of bad security you've come across? An unlocked door at a bank? A safe door held shut with chewing gum? Send your true stories and pictures! Same complimentary-subscription-for-a-year deal as above.



Citytv — News·Movies·Music — MUCHMUSIC — Bravo!

SECURITY MEMO

To: All Staff
Re: Building Access
Date: August 27, 1998

Please be advised that effective today, August 27, there will be some changes to points of access around our building, in particular the 3rd floor.

The doorway leading to the north stairwell, by City aisle, will once again be open to staff between the 2nd and 3rd floors. However, the doorway leading to the John St. stairwell will now be locked on a permanent basis, so as to deter public access to the 3rd floor. This door will be maintained as an "EXIT ONLY DOORWAY."

The end result of these changes will be that staff who find themselves on the 4th floor will have to use the north elevator to go anywhere in the building.

Thanks for your cooperation
Scott Ellis
Security Supervisor

November 1996

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INFILTRATION

the zine about going places you're not supposed to go

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"TORONTO.... A city that has grown up around the Royal York, so much so that the traditions of the Royal York — those of charm, a sense of community and pride — are the traditions of Toronto. The downtown core is home to a hotel that is both gracious and elegant. A hotel that is as small as it is large."
— excerpt from a Royal York press release that is as false as it is retarded

Infiltration is published six times a year. Copies of any issue are available for $1 in either cash or postage. Please send any submissions or feedback to: Infiltration, 152 Carlton St., PO Box 92552, Toronto, ON, M5A 2K1. E-mail: ninj@infiltration.org.

** A few corrections made 2 November 1999, but much of this information is still dated.*

Welcome to Infiltration

This is the inaugural issue of Infiltration, the zine about going places you're not supposed to go. Infiltration is the art of urban exploration, a sort of interior tourism which allows the curious-minded to see all sorts of things which they're not supposed to see. No, it's nothing so exciting and illegal as nuclear missile silos; it's things like forgotten subbasements, engine rooms, high rooftops, abandoned mineshafts, secret tunnels, abandoned factories and other places not designed for public usage.

There are many good reasons why infiltration is a wonderful hobby. Tourism of non-designated areas is far more interesting and revealing than sticking to the proper public areas. It's also a lot of fun; sometimes it's absolutely exhilarating. And afterwards, you feel some of the same pride of accomplishment that explorers and mountain-climbers feel.

I will admit up front that I am not adequately qualified to compile a journal such as this. I have far less experience and ability in the field of urban exploration than many others. In fact I have virtually nothing to offer except desktop publishing equipment and my own insane enthusiasm.

This first issue is composed almost entirely of my own efforts and its scope is limited to Toronto. I hope very strongly that this will change in future issues; I'm desperate for letters, pictures and articles from other infiltrators, especially in other cities. I also intend to include interviews with superstars of sneakiness, as well as members of the enemy camp, security guards.

I'd like to thank the following persons and publications for their assistance and inspiration: the video games Elevator Action and Mission Impossible; the book "Hackers" and 2600, the quarterly guide to computer hacking, phone phreaking and such activities, for helping to inspire me with the "freedom to look around" ethic. I probably also owe something to SSI cheat books.

Nin

A Royal York Primer

Toronto's Royal York hotel is a perfect beginner's course in urban exploration, since one can see and do all sorts of naughty and exciting things without trespassing or breaking any laws. And even a brief delve beyond the public areas of the Royal York will leave the amateur explorer hungry for more.

Some think hotels are just floor after floor of identically constructed hallways. That's what hotels WANT us to think. They're actually full of interesting rooms, corridors, tunnels, nooks and crannies.

Most hotels assume each visitor is a vandal, street punk or marauding Viking raider until the visitor proves otherwise. The Royal York, by contrast, assumes each visitor is an executive until the visitor proves otherwise. This is demonstrated by the hotel's astounding lack of security.

The hotel appears more or less disinterested in monitoring its guests. I have seen perhaps 8 security cameras in this building of over 1,314 rooms filled with valuable goods. I have encountered no motion detectors. Although I've been asked "can I help you" by a few staff members, never once have I had any trouble with a security guard. In fact I think I've only ever seen one or two.

The Royal York also promotes interior tourism by allowing all but free movement through its halls. Don't quote me on this, but in my experience none of the many doors labelled "Emergency/Fire Exit Only" are hooked up to alarms. In fact I have not seen evidence of any door at the

Royal York being connected to any variety of alarm or sensor. And though the hotel has innumerable rooms set aside solely for the use of its 1,000+ employees, I have yet to see a single "do not enter", "staff only" or "authorized personnel only" sign. The staff doors are open and free for the public to use. I honestly don't understand why this is — I suspect it is related to the hotel's assumption that all its guests are proper, uncurious businessmen. I am consistently amazed by the vast numbers of unlocked storerooms, kitchens and other rooms.

A Baby Building

I used to think the Royal York was really old. Really old. Like built by the Mayans before Europeans discovered North America. In reality, the Royal York is a mere baby among buildings.

The Royal York was originally constructed between 1927 and 1929 (AD). At the time of its unveiling (n.b. no actual veil was used), it was billed as "the largest hotel in the British Empire" and the only building in Canada with elevators. A concierge boasted to me that people used to come to Toronto just to ride the Royal York's elevators — I chose not to confide that some still do. The 15-floor east tower was added to the hotel in 1959.

The Royal York underwent extensive (i.e. over $100 million) renovations in 1993, which modernized the hotel and made it fancier. These renovations killed much of its original stern and gothic charm in favour of colour and airiness. I've seen pictures of some of the old dining rooms and ballrooms, and they're delightfully dismal. One old dining hall had the appearance of a remodelled dungeon. I detest renovations, and fail to see how we will ever successfully coat this planet in civic space if we insist on wrecking something old every time we put up something new, but I digress.

Dressing and Packing for the Royal York

At some point in the future I hope to feature an entire article on how to dress and what to bring when one goes exploring, but for now I will be brief. Since virtually every person in the Royal York is a businessperson, your wardrobe should be businesslike. Denim screams "I shouldn't be here". Keep your wardrobe light, though, you'll be climbing a lot of stairs.

Travel as lightly as possible — no baggage at all is ideal. Normally I take a bag wherever I go, but the Royal York is so well stocked with pens, paper, markers, food and drink that one can live off the land. A camera is nice for those who want to capture the moment and a flashlight is handy if you're visiting any of the darker places described. I don't know much about lockpicks and lockpicking, but if anyone is so inclined, the locks at the Royal York are mainly Yale and Schlage in-knob and deadbolt locks. Not surprisingly, many of these are very old and dirty.

As any citizen of the Greater Toronto Area should know, the Royal York is that huge old building with the green roof directly across from Toronto Union Station. The PATH (to be discussed in greater depth in future issues) connects Union Station to the Arcade Level of the Royal York; an excellent starting point for your journey.

The Floor-by-Floor

Some elevators at the Royal York list floor 15 as the highest floor in the building. This might accidentally give some gullible people the impression that the Royal York has 15 floors. In reality, the Royal York has at least 34 floors: two basement levels, the Arcade, the Lobby, the Main Mezzanine, the Convention Level, the Health Club, floors of rooms 1-18, an unknown business on floor 19,

Getting Around the Royal York

As mentioned previously, the Royal York is famous for its elevators. I've counted 14 elevators at the Royal York, but I'm confident there are more. The elevators are located in three separate banks: 8 Main elevators in roughly the center of the hotel; 3 Service elevators immediately east (plus a bonus fourth elevator on the higher levels); and a couple more in the East elevator bank at the far east end of the hotel. The elevators are handy for skipping the boring floors from 2 to 11 and from 13 to 17.

The elevators are quite nice, what with their wood and carpet and mirrors and handy directories of what goods and services are available for your consumption on each floor, but the stairs are where the real action is. There are a lot of stairs at the RY. Many of the stairwells are numbered; and the highest number I've seen is "Stairway 22". Some of these stairwells are extremely thin and steep, like stairs in Europe, some are thin and metal and curvy. The stairs go several nice places the elevators don't, including floors 20, 21, 22 and 23. A further benefit to the stairs is that NO-ONE EVER USES THEM. No-one. Not a soul, staff or guest. You have them all to yourself.

Metal ladders are used to ascend to floors 24, 25 and 26.

engine rooms from floors 20-22, "attics" on floors 23, 24 and 25, and finally the glorious roof on floor 26. Here's a bottom-to-top profile:

Subbasements (SB)
Couches! Phone books! Sheets! Sheets! Sheets! ... all of these await you in the surreal subbasements of the Royal York. The immense laundry room is sometimes accessible through an unlabelled door in the corridor between the Royal York and the Royal Bank Plaza; otherwise, the only way there seems to be via the service elevators, which is slightly risky.

The basements (there are two main levels, as well as various smaller bits) are understandably huge and forgivably old. They are filled with immense machinery designed to clean clothes and pipe steam into the hotel. There are many rooms and hallways filled with machinery and other oddities. The basements also appear to be the final resting place of all miscellany which graces the hotel: storage rooms reveal old Christmas trees (still decked), mattresses, posh chesterfields and hundreds of phone books. There is a lot to see and do here, but since it is awkward to get to I have only scratched the surface.

The Royal York's Most Wanted: earning a spot on this bulletin board is every infiltrator's dream (author not shown)

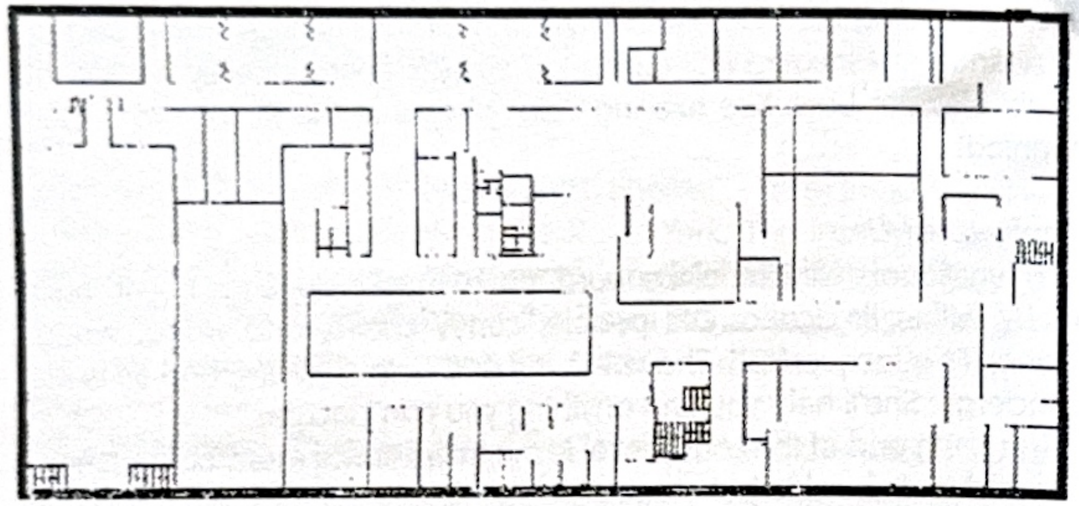
Arcade Level (A)
The Arcade level consists mainly of overly expensive shops and restaurants. Because it is an especially new part of the building (constructed in 1993), it has few nooks, a distinct lack of crannies, and plays host to as many security cameras as all the other floors combined. For this reason, the Arcade level is not an exciting place to explore. Worth noticing, though, is the security bulletin board located just inside the service doors (directly beside the main elevator bay). See exciting color photos of the Royal York's most wanted!

Lobby Level (L)
Any functional definition of the word "posh" must include the Royal York's lobby within its scope. Old people, comfy chairs, and wood, wood, wood. It's a lacquerfest! The check ins and outs are here, and so is the concierge. She'll help you find anything you can't locate.

The north end of the Lobby level is the Royal York's mammoth kitchen. The kitchen is hard to get a good look at, since there are almost always employees on duty. Take a peak if you get the chance — it's perhaps the longest room I've ever seen. You truly cannot see one end from the other. According to the hotel fact sheet, it is the largest kitchen in Canada with space to fit the bodies of seven jumbo 747's.

At the west end of the lobby, through the very fancy dining area, lies an extremely fancy ballroom. Visit its balcony via the back stairwell. The ballroom's backstage area is full of corridors leading to the immense lobby level kitchen, old out-of-use dressing rooms and storage cupboards with condiments, kitchen supplies, candles

The Lobby: plushmania



Floor plan of the Main Mezzanine: a public but fun level

and the like. A yellow metal ladder leads up to a mini storage level with a locked door. I've never encountered any staff back here. There is also an old stairwell leading up to...

Main Mezzanine (MM)

A mezzanine is a sub-floor between two "real" floors. But though part of the MM level serves as a balcony to the Lobby, it is in itself an important, interesting and accessible level of the hotel. Be aware of its two security cameras: one surveys the Main elevator bank, the other peers down the main hallway. The MM level is probably the busiest level of the hotel, but both guests and staff will leave you alone if you look like you're supposed to be there. (When you go there as often as I do this is easy — I probably know the place better than several staff members.)

The MM level is host to a number of fancy conference rooms. While on the MM level, be sure to visit its 12 provincial rooms, 3 confederation rooms, 3 Tudor rooms, and the especially swanky room known only as The Boardroom. These conference rooms are constantly filled with goodies you can examine, consume or even take (if you're naughty). Some of the provincial rooms have service doors leading to a kitchen and storeroom which I haven't yet had a good look at.

The MM level is a nice place to rest and recuperate should you become tired or nervous. No-one will bother you if you sit in the ultra-padded comfy chairs around the balcony and gaze down at the fancy-pantses scurrying about below as you sip your iced tea.

Stuff You Shouldn't Eat & Drink

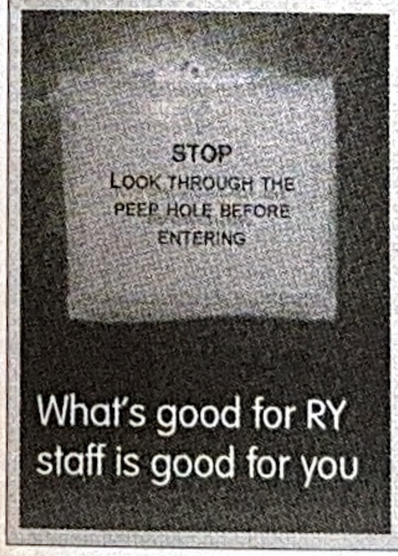
By the Main elevators, there's a list of when all the day's conferences are taking place and where. Most of these conferences take place on the MM level. To find refreshments, you'll want to look through the peek-hole of each room which is holding or has recently held a type of meeting labelled "Reception" or "Dinner". There are typically three or four of these a day, ending between 6pm and 8pm. If the meeting's over, let the banquet begin!

You can expect to find coffee, tea, pop, juice, rolls, fruit, vegetables and dip, chips, sandwiches, tarts, cakes and pie in abundance. Definitely enough for a full-sized meal. The sandwiches and pastries are quite good, too.

If you get there too late for conference leftovers, you can still refresh yourself with a pop and possibly a small snack from the various kitchens of the Royal York (which are never locked). Dozens of cases of pop and juice are located in the easily accessible "Beverage Station" just through the kitchen doors from the Ballroom on the Convention level. And coffee is never hard to find.

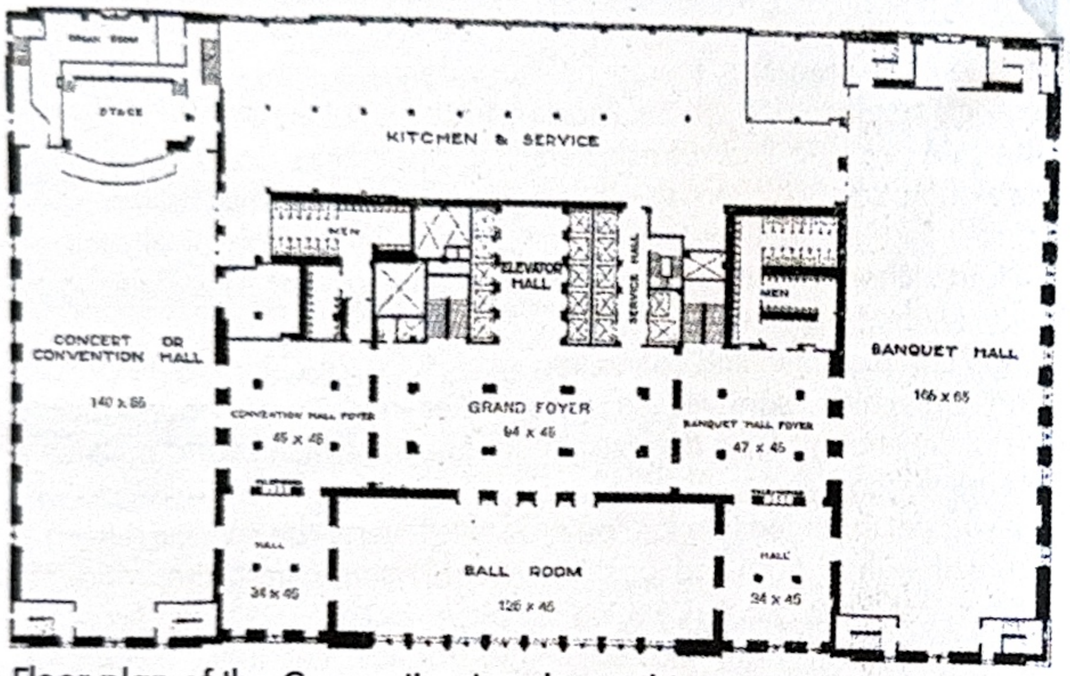
There's an honour bar on floor 12, where apparently a businesslike person can take what food and drink one wants and then assign the charges to one's room (or, to a different room). I've never had the nerve to do so personally.

If all else fails, there's always a bowl of free apples by the Main elevator bank on 12. Visitors are allowed to take these.



What's good for RY staff is good for you

The Boardroom often has snacks and other goodies



Floor plan of the Convention Level: use this as your checklist

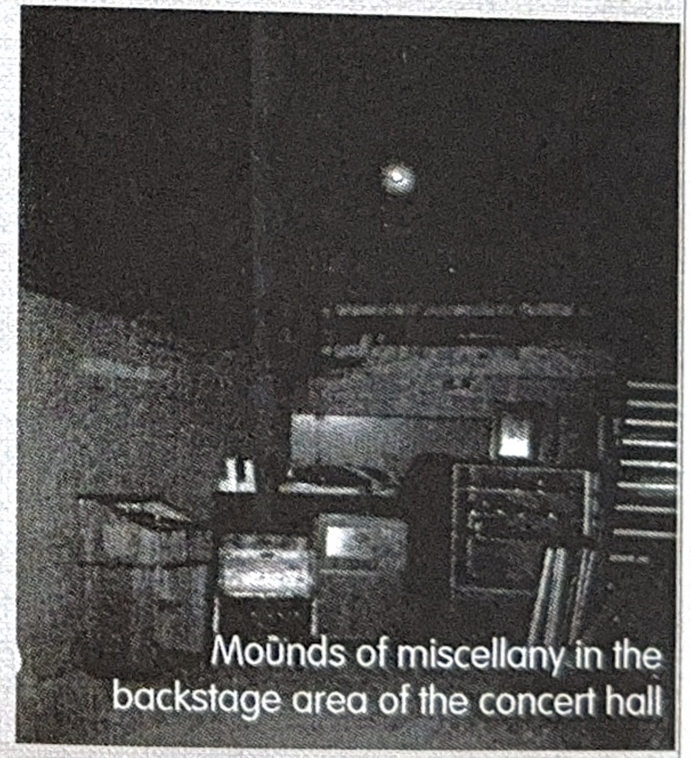
The insanely opulent ball room, in full bloom

Stuff You Shouldn't Take

Although I have picked up the odd trinket or souvenir from the Royal York, I very strongly recommend that you do not take anything the hotel will actually miss. If you have anything bad in your bag, it becomes much harder to play the part of the naïve innocent should you ever be questioned, and you force the hotel to improve its security, which spoils everyone's fun.

The Royal York provides all the comforts of home to its guests. Candles are located in closets behind any banquet area, lightbulbs abound in unlocked storage rooms. It's easy to find all the condiments, cutlery and dishes you'd ever need inside the large kitchens on the L and C levels, or the smaller kitchens on MM and 18. All varieties of cloth, including bedsheets and clothing, are located in the laundry area of the Subbasement level (SB).

One could easily find enough office supplies to run a medium-sized office tower for a year. The Main Mezzanine and Convention levels provide the richest bounty. Look under table skirts to see if they conceal any hidden treasures. Royal York pens and pads of paper are ubiquitous in conference rooms. Many conference rooms also have wooden RY Boxes, containing pens, staplers, tape, fluorescent markers and such delights. You'll also stumble upon microphones, ghetto blasters, audio and video tapes, batteries, laser pointers and lots of other things best left alone. On occasion I've found myself alone in a boardroom with laptop computers or video cameras and had to fight back the evil urges.



Mounds of miscellany in the backstage area of the concert hall

The entrance to the parking garage is located at the north end of the MM level. The six parking garage floors are entirely skippable.

Convention Level (C)

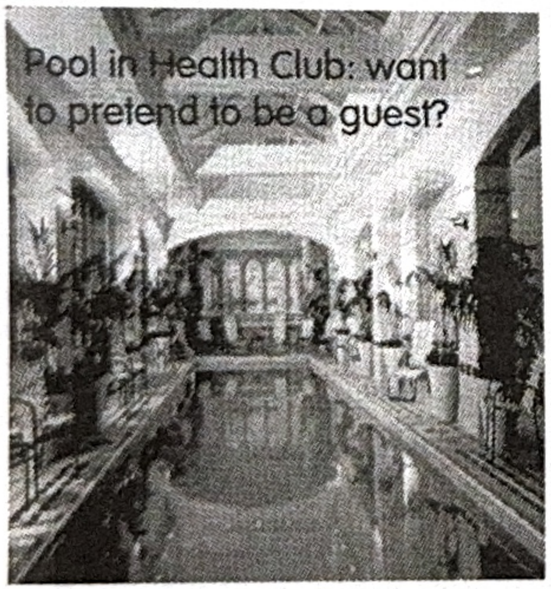
Some stairwells and elevators label the C level "D" (for Dining Hall?) or "B" (for Ballroom?) — these are just sloppy inconsistencies on behalf of the hotel. Everything in between the MM level and the H level is really the C level.

This level is one of the most luxuriant. There are six very large, very pretty function rooms here. You should visit them all, and pay special attention to the corridors stemming off from the ballrooms at either end of the floor. This level has lots of neat storage rooms, an immense kitchen, an interesting backstage area (including prop rooms), and quite a bit more. Spend some time here — for me.

During some functions, this level is monitored by ushers in red coats. They're the hotel's Imperial Guard Storm Troopers. Don't cross them or they'll ask if they can help you.

Health Club (H)

Be aware of a camera overlooking the elevators. There really isn't much to do on this small level, unless you feel brave enough to try and pass yourself off as a guest and use the pool, sauna and jacuzzi. I never have. The stairways leading up form this level lead to a fun series of cement corridors and stairwells. Somewhere in the maze is a security office, but I once met a security guard in this neighbourhood and he seemed fully prepared to ignore me until I took the initiative and asked him where the exit was.


Pool in Health Club: want to pretend to be a guest?

First Floor (1)

Don't make my mistake and assume all the numbered floors are identically bland. The first floor is home to a dozen or so small function rooms with such names as the Jasper Room, the Banff Room, the Montebello Room and

so on. They all have lockable doors, tables and chairs, a small bar area (with an empty fridge), a bathroom with bath and shower, a comfy couch, and TVs which offer pay-per-view TV stations. You may wish to pay special attention to channels 47, 48 and 49, where chances are you will see the brand of lesbian-filled soft-core porn so intimately associated with hotels — with the quality you've come to expect from the Royal York. These movies regularly cost $12.60 a screening — what a thrill to see them all for free!

Some of the stairwells accessible from level 1 lead into a maze of corridors, and to stairways heading up, down and back outside.

Middle Floors (12-17)

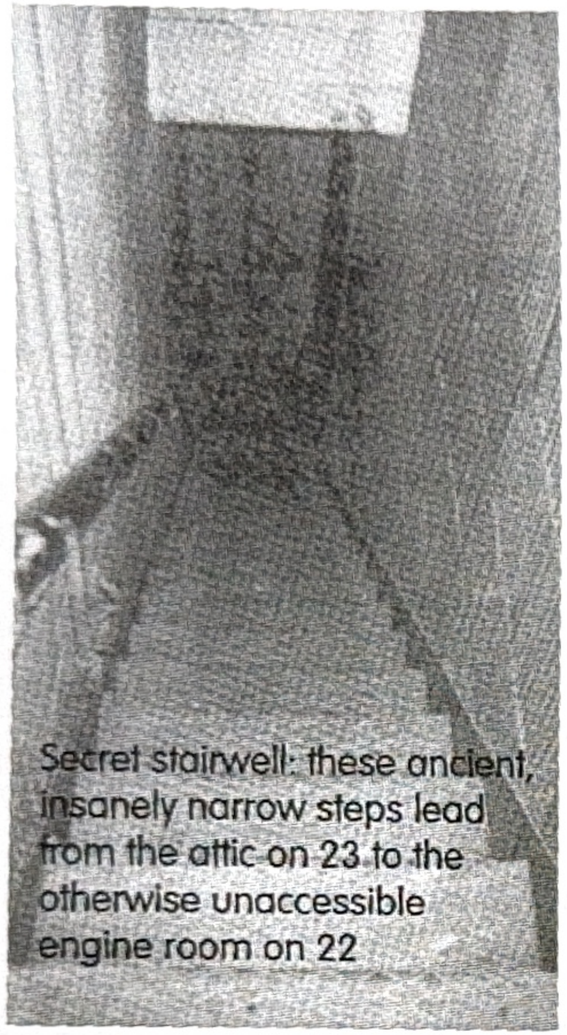
These floors are lumped together because they are more or less the same, consisting of lots of guest rooms, an ice dispenser and a lot of stairways. Floor 12 is the beginning of the "Entree Gold" floors — the part of the hotel reserved for rich folks. There are apples here. The east tower stops at level 15 but I haven't yet figured out how to get onto its roof.

Eighteenth Floor (18)

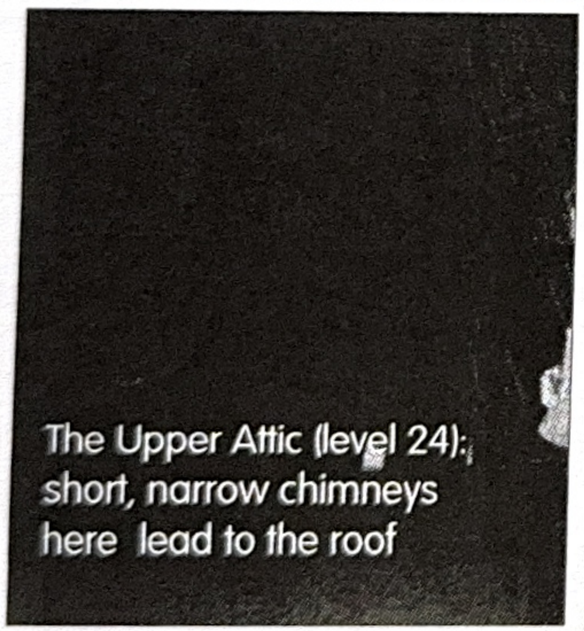
This floor features the Upper Canada Room, a large and fairly fancy banquet room. From the Upper Canada Room, one can access the kitchen, a storage area and the service stairs (you'll need to take the service stairs here to get to floors 20-26). There's also a cloakroom and a locked lounge here which you can peek into if no-one's around.

Though too intimate to achieve splendour, the washrooms of the 18th floor are the swankiest the hotel has to offer: lacquered wooden stalls with slatted wooden doors, marble floors and counters, brass faucets — fancy stuff.

Mini Kitchen on Floor 18: nothing is locked



Secret stairwell: these ancient, insanely narrow steps lead from the attic on 23 to the otherwise unaccessible engine room on 22



The Upper Attic (level 24): short, narrow chimneys here lead to the roof

Nineteenth Floor (19)
I know less about the nineteenth floor than any other above-ground floor of the hotel. The three separate segments of the mysterious nineteenth floor are accessible through three separate points:

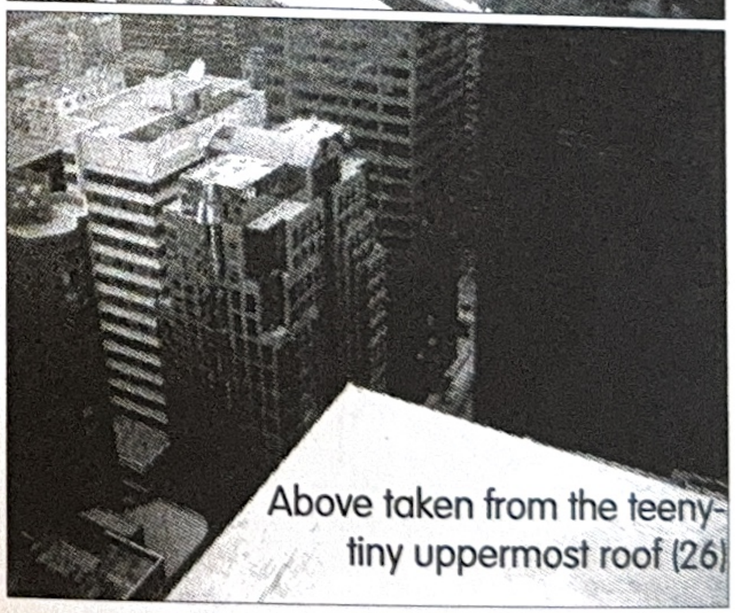
i. The north stairwell (#16 - green) ends at the 19th floor with a ladder up to a locked skylight. I have no idea why this is here - it looks modern. Anyhow, if you climb the ladder you can get a nice view of the uppermost part of the RY's roof. There's also a fair amount of graffiti here.

ii. The service stairwell (#1 - light blue) leads to a service bay on the 19th floor (as well as continuing up to the 23rd floor). The elevators here only have down buttons, and the juicy part of the floor is only accessible through a locked door. Open the window here for a very nice view. (Close it afterwards — I read in a memo that cold air from this window once caused the hotel's water pipes to burst.)

iii. The main part of the floor is accessible at the top of the south stairwell (you can also come down to the nineteenth floor from the engine room floors).

The main part of the big 1-9 belongs entirely to an unidentified business, possibly the mafia. There is usually someone working here, even late in the evening. I've never been able to take a very good look around. There are elevators to this level, but I have no idea where they come from. There's also a set of very sleek expensive looking black stairs leading up to a non-engine-room part of the twentieth floor — I've never ascended these. So many mysteries!

Engine Rooms (20-22)
The next three floors are engine rooms. On each level, the main door to the floor (i.e. the door from the service stairwell) is always locked and requires a passcard key. Do not despair — they are accessible, just



Above taken from the teeny-tiny uppermost roof (26)

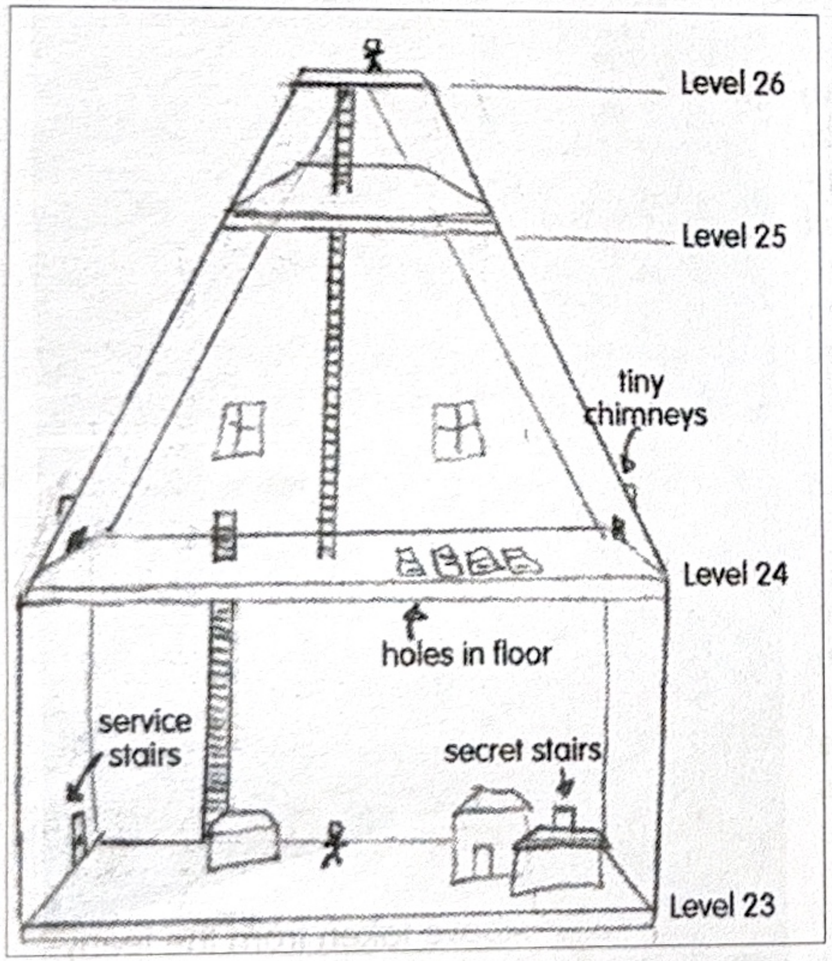
not from here. Skip ahead to floor 23 for details.

Floor 22 features nothing more than engines. The turbines are big and green and yellow. Everything else is either black or dark grey. It's a delightfully industrial atmosphere. You can take the stairs to the very similar level 21, or clamber down among the huge metal pipes and ducts if you're old fashioned.

Floor 20 has a wider variety of rooms, but also seems to be the one engine room level where employees are occasionally present. This is obviously a very bad place to get caught ("Is there a payphone around here?" just won't cut it...), so be very careful if you decide to look around.

Attics & Roof (23-26)

Don't give up if the door to the twenty-third is locked. That happens sometimes; try again another day. The twenty-third is essentially an attic. Some light pours in through windows on the 24th floor, but there is no artificial lighting, so if you're coming in the evening bring a flashlight.



What you'll see is a very old, very large room, filled with large fans, gigantic pipes and more dust than you can shake a stick at (I've tried — there was just too much). Looking around a bit, you'll find two tiny brick shacks, one of which is locked and one of which doesn't have a door. Really, there are quite a few

nooks and crannies to peer into here, so I shan't chronicle them all.

By crossing the floor, one comes to an old, narrow stairway fashioned of iron. It is labelled Stairway 2. This stairway is the preferred method of transit between the engine room floors.

Near the entrance to 23 is a tall black iron ladder, which stretches up about 30' and takes you to level 24. Level 24 is another big loft. There are large holes in its cement floor, which look down to floor 23. There are also mini-chimneys here which you can, with some effort, manage to climb through and find yourself fairly high up the roof. In the middle of level 24 is another tall black ladder heading up into the roof; climbing it takes you to the very small, pitch black 25th level. From here, there's nowhere else to go but up.

Ascending your last ladder, you come to the absolute top of the Royal York. The hatch to the roof is wide open. The roof level is slightly more than a meter square; I wouldn't stand on it in high wind. It affords an excellent view of the city, the lake and the hotel itself.

Be sure to sign the guestbook before leaving the roof.

Incident Report

Okay, I've now had one tiny run-in with Royal York security. Some friends and I were wandering the halls quite late at night. While touring the Main Mezzanine, and stumbled upon a ridiculously swanky private party. Our backpacks and casual attire did not blend well with their tuxedos and dresses, so we decided to grab the nearest staircase and get out of there.

Too slow. A tuxedoed master of ceremonies halted us on the stairway as we began to venture into the concert hall's backstage area. Though we had not gone anywhere we weren't supposed to, he was clearly disappointed with us. He asked us to follow him, and lead us on a delightful tour of the kitchen. When we exited the kitchen, it became apparent that he was leading us to the security office. As I say, we hadn't been doing anything wrong, but we didn't feel like explaining why we were visiting the hotel. So I motioned to my pals, and we took off and darted up into a maze of stairwells which I knew from past experience. He gave chase but we were faster and knew the way better. Scary but fun!

The Business Organism

by Eburac

Downtown Toronto, like every major North American city, is littered with mirrored towers. They line Bay Street like sentinels, guarding over the collective ideals of the crowds of suited minions pouring into the underground garages and being sucked up into the heights to number-crunch in the clouds. The mirrors, it seems, are no accident. The activity of the hive must be hidden.

Infiltration is about burrowing into the heart of Corporate Toronto, without ideological or malicious intent, but out of a drive of pure curiosity. Using simple deceit and faith in human apathy, we seek to understand the psychological mechanisms at work in the Business Organism. How far can we go? What can we get away with? What can we discover?

My first time "in" the Royal York Hotel we came across the remains of a motivational sales seminar, the scrawlings of the participants (and a picture of each) draped across the walls, the stench of magic marker still thick in the air. A poster on the wall listed the rules of the conference, calling these "community norms". And printed in neat, quick capitals on an easel in the corner: "I will teach you how to sell anything..."

The implications are infinitely disturbing. Do *they* really feel they could sell us anything? Fifteen to twenty men and women paid close to $800 (the going rate for Corporate Workshops nowadays) apiece to learn how to sell anything. This is a masterful act of sales in and of itself. Yes, it really works. You paid me close to a grand, I must know what I'm talking about. We're walking around your office, we must belong here. Anything else would be a violation of community norms.

Sales psychology has also caught the eye of certain computer hackers I've come across. They call it "social engineering." If any term applies to the existence of those massive, mirrored towers on Bay Street, social engineering is it.

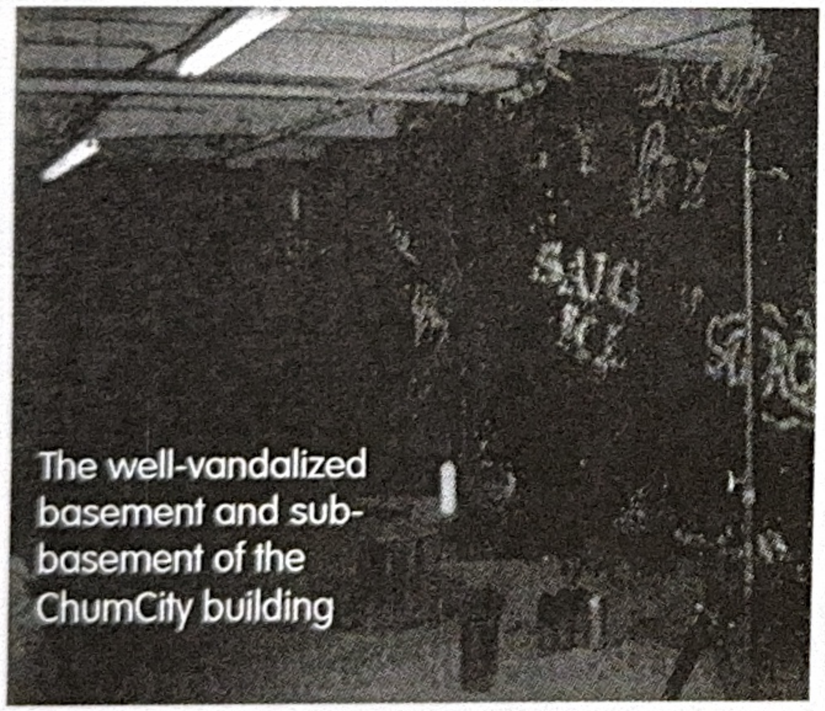
Behind the Screens at the ChumCity Building

I happened to obtain a press pass to the recent MuchMusic Video Awards held at the ChumCity Building. I figured it would be a lovely opportunity to see all sorts of things City wouldn't want me to see. Casing the joint, I quickly noticed that security guards were stationed approximately every two feet, promising a challenge. But the staff, upon seeing my pass, seemed determined to spoil all my fun by letting me go anywhere I wanted on the main floor.

Fortunately, security guards were making sure that only staff and artists were allowed upstairs and only technicians were allowed into the basement. Though there were a hell of a lot of security guards, they were unprofessional, and didn't know each other. They concentrated on their individual tasks rather than on security as a whole, and often didn't mind letting you past assuming you'd become the next guy's problem. Furthermore, their guard was down since almost everyone in attendance was drunk on the free booze. I found out early in the evening that if one held a clipboard and looked harried they'd assume you were on staff. If I'd had a headset, I think I could've gone anywhere in the building.

I did the upstairs first. Waiting by the stairway until the guard was distracted, I gave off my best "I'm-in-a-hurry" body language and dashed up the stairs onto the 2nd floor without looking back. Once here, I found the abandoned offices of City, Much and Bravo employees.There was a beautiful photocopier too, but I had nothing to copy. Among

their interesting stuff were shelves full of videocassettes of movies which they play on air, thousands of CDs which have been mailed to MuchMusic, and a lot of stationery, stickers and buttons. I contemplated filling my backpack with a few dozen CDs, but I figured one of the dozens of security guards would accost me eventually.



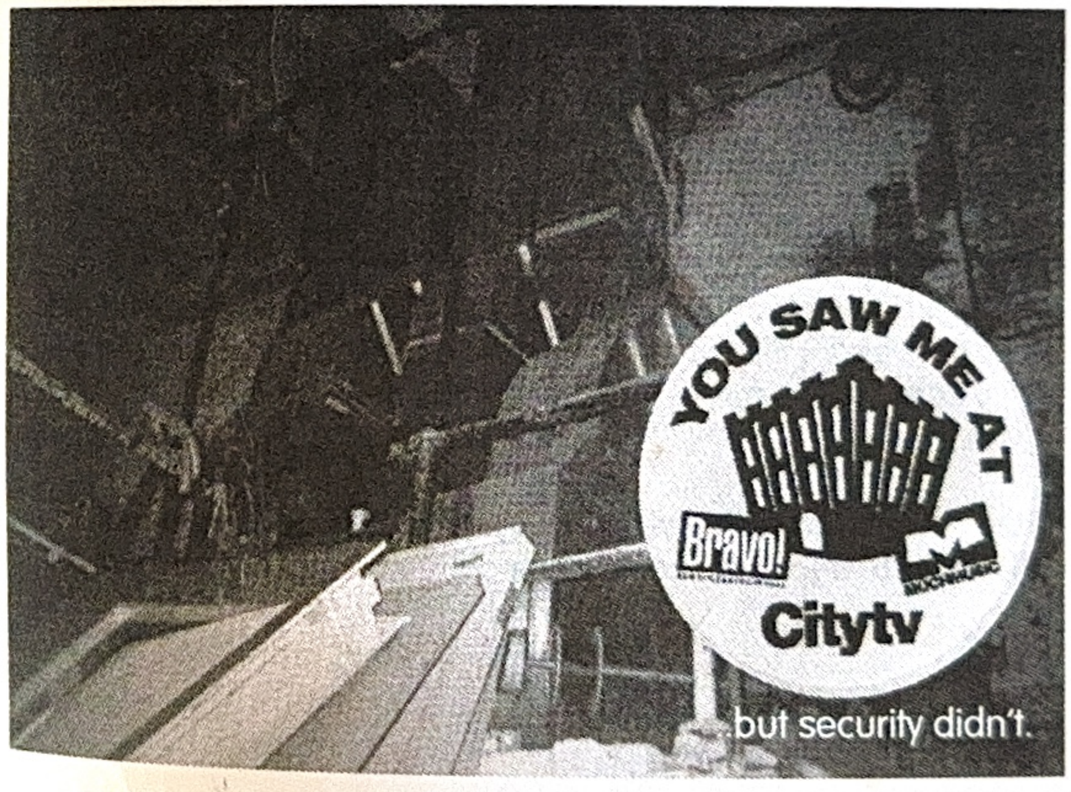
The well-vandalized basement and sub-basement of the ChumCity building

It seemed all the employees had been brainwashed into devotion to the company. On a wall near the offices, I found an insane treatise which Moses Znaimer had had all the employees sign proclaiming that "Television has triumphed over the printed word" or some such nonsense. I also found a lovely little shrimp and salmon banquet table which had been set aside for the performers ... much superior to the Italian food they were serving downstairs.

After a far too brief exploration of 2, I checked out floors 3-6 but found them more or less dull; they were far too modern and well-locked up to be interesting. There were security cameras monitoring approximately half the floor space on each of these levels, but no-one came up to ask why I was the only person above level 2. The construction area on floor three was boring, and I couldn't puzzle out how to access the roof.

Returning to the main level via the elevator (which had been programmed so that it would only go to the main level), I grabbed myself a clipboard so I'd look like an employee and skirted past security into the basement. From here, I found a way further down into a bizarre old cement subbasement, which had lots of odd props around and spray-painted graffiti all over the walls. Perhaps they used to film something down here.

It was nice to see all the behind the scenes stuff of a building I've seen the public parts of so many times on TV. On the whole, I found there was far too much to look at in the brief period allotted (the awards downstairs were also quite interesting). I'd like to return again to see the rest, but I'll have to figure out another excuse to get inside first.



Scheduled Infiltrations

If all goes well, future issues of Infiltration will feature articles and illustrations from interior tourists across Canada, together with interviews, contests, reader letters and more advice for the budding urban explorer. In addition, the following special supplements are planned:

St. Mike Spectacular: Find out what treasures lie inside the vaults of St. Michael's Hospital, St. Michael's Cathedral and St. Michael's College! If you know of any other buildings dedicated to this kick-ass archangel, please contact me.

Secret Subways: There's more than one secret station in Toronto, and the public use subways have lots of juicy off limits areas. What's it like inside the tunnels? What's underneath the subway?

The PATH: Toronto is far too cold for us to keep the entire city above ground. Hundreds of businesses and miles of corridors and tunnels are located in the delightfully cranny-filled PATH under the city. There's all sorts of places you're not allowed to see down here - we'll visit as many as we can find.

I desperately seek your stories and pictures about all the naughty places you've been and the cool things you've seen. There's a very good chance I'll publish these, so let me know if there's anything you don't want reprinted.

Furthermore, I'm very eager to interview security guards, surveillance professionals, investigative journalists and folks who know how to pick locks for possible future articles. If you have a background in any of these areas, please contact me — you'll receive as much or as little credit as you wish.

And anyone who wants to get on my good side is advised to mail me "Do Not Disturb" signs from hotels around the world for my personal collection.